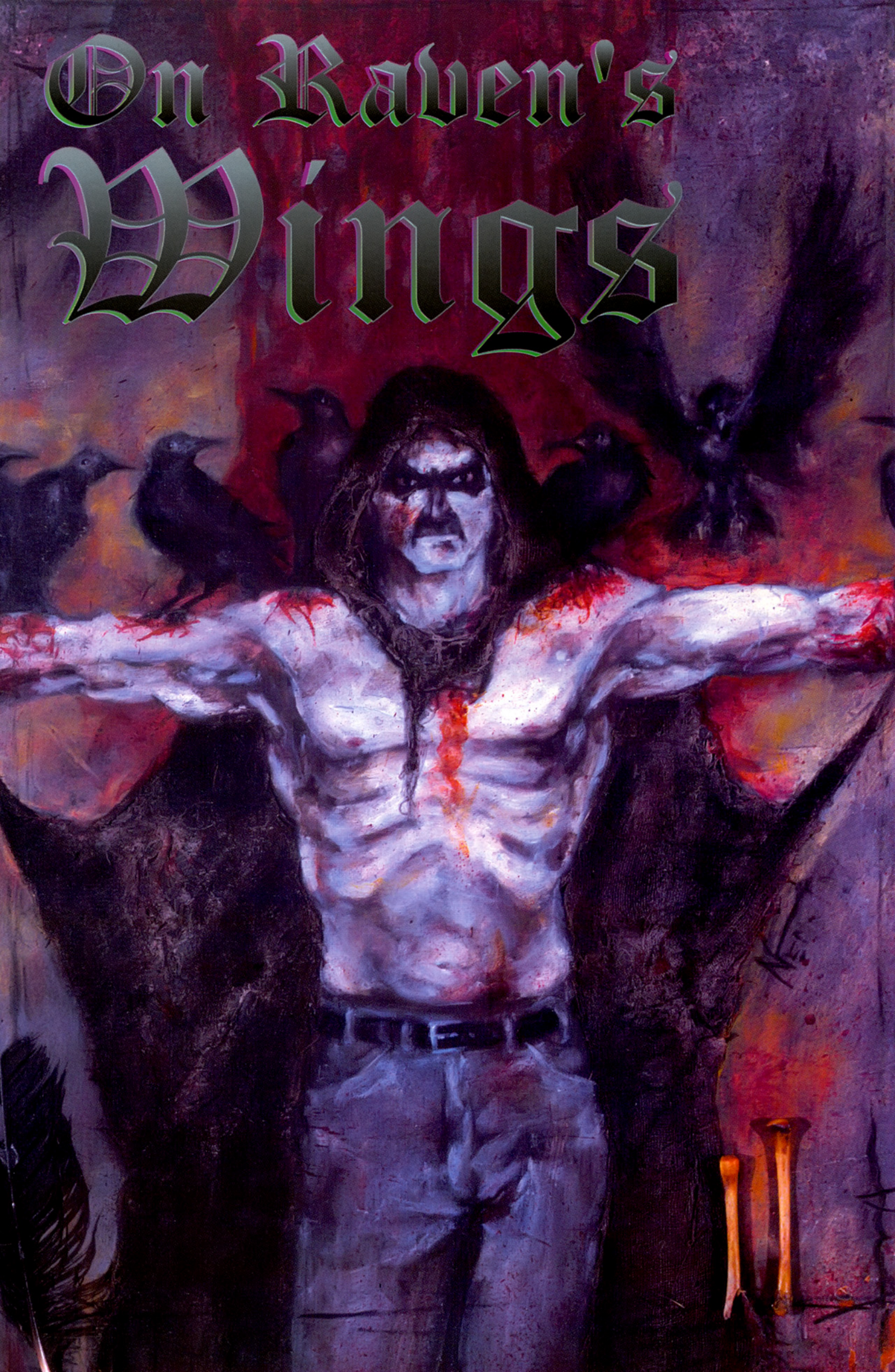
On Raven's Wings



Epitaphs...

Author
Garry Way
Penciler
Jose Santos
Inks
Dana Greene
Cover
Rob Nemeth

Do you like this book?
Want to see it grow, build an audience?
Then you better spread the fucking word,
because I've done all I can. I've done the cons,
the seminars, the advertising. Now it's your turn.
I like this series.
I will continue to publish it even if it only sells five copies,
because I like it. But the store owners gotta know
you like it, that *you'll* buy it.
You gotta put the word to'em in a language they'll
understand- **dollars**. Don't just quietly subscribe,
get your buddies to come in an ask for it. Have them look
around the store at all the titles and then go
"You got **On Raven's Wings** #1? #2? No. Get it."
Are you tired of getting ripped off by the bean counters
who ***say*** they're hard core? *They're* the edge of horror?
I know I'm sick of the hype and the rip-offs.
Because their sweat stinks like shit when you get up close to'em,
whisper into their ears *"You got the money you owe me, man?
You got my fix?"* and they know you're gonna break their fuckin'
arm for what's yours and the chips are down and they're
running because they're soft posers in a hard world.
That's why I started Boneyard Press. So I could have something
to believe in, to fight for.
That's why I tattooed the Boneyard logo on my forearm,
displaying my coat of arms for all to see. There isn't **one**
other publisher in this business that can state their belief
that strongly. Show me a creator at DC with Batman
tattooed on him.

This is the hard core.

This is something to believe in.

This is something worth fighting for.

Hart D. Fisher
Publisher

Lettering
T. Warren Montgomery

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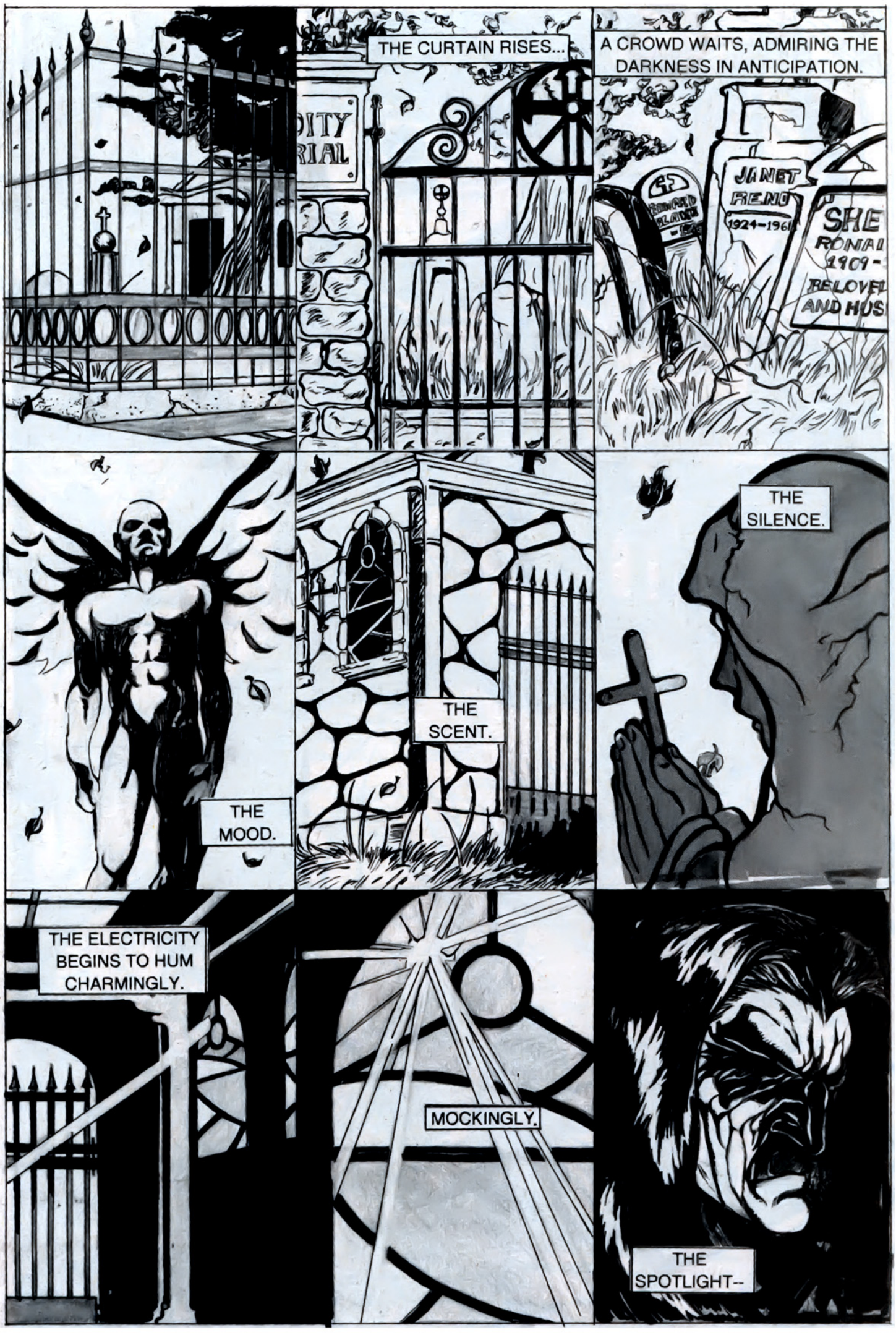

THE CURTAIN RISES...
A CROWD WAITS, ADMIRING THE DARKNESS IN ANTICIPATION.
JANET
FRENO
1924-1961
SHE
RONAI
1909-
BELOVEI
AND HUS
THE MOOD.
THE SCENT.
THE SILENCE.
THE ELECTRICITY BEGINS TO HUM CHARMINGLY.
MOCKINGLY.
THE SPOTLIGHT--

--GLOWS. THE AUDIENCE TAKEN.
A MAN IN BLACK.
HE OPENS HIS MOUTH...
AND FORGETS HIS LINES.
THE AUDIENCE UNEASY.
HE FILLS THE ROOM WITH SOUND.
BUSINESS...

AS USUAL.
WELL, MY NAME IS ALLEN BREEN, I REPRESENT CRASH COMICS' FAWN CITY DIVISION.
OH! HELLO... YES, I'M STILL HERE. NO, NOT THAT LONG. HEY, YOU'RE BUSY PEOPLE.
YES, CRASH COMICS C-R-A--
OH, YOUR YOUNGEST SON READS THEM--
SUPER
SUMM
CAPNC
WELL, THE REASON I'M CALLING IS TO VERIFY A CAPTAIN VALOR COMIC GIVEAWAY TO ALL THE SICK KIDS THERE AT FAWN CITY MEMORIAL.
IT'S ALWAYS NICE TO HEAR THAT.

WELL, HOW DOES TOMORROW FROM TWO TO FIVE SOUND.
TODAY'S FINE TOO! THAT WOULD BE PERFECT.
SORRY, NO CAN DO.
"I'M A NICE GUY--"
ST. JOSEPH'S
OK THEN, I'LL--
CAN I GET YOU A VALOR MAN NUMBER ONE?

12
ROOMS 130
SURGERY
"BUT I'M NOT--"
"CRAZY."

SARAH?

SARAH?

BACK AWAY, PHIL.

MS. CHRISTIAN, I'M DOCTOR WALTERS. LETS GET YOU ON A BED.
KA-CHINK
KA-CHINK
KA-CHINK
AREN'T YOU GUYS FINISHED?

DETECTIVE REEVES, HOMICIDE.
YOU GUYS WERE HERE LAST NIGHT, DON'T YOU TH--
I'M NOT HERE TO ASK ABOUT THE ATTACK. I'M HERE FOR CHARLIE BONES.

YOU MEAN THE "BUTCHER?"

WHATEVER. LOOK, YOU GUYS BETTER CLEAN SOME BEDPANS OR SOMETHING. THIS IS GONNA TAKE A WHILE.

THIS IS A HOSPITAL YOU KNOW.

THAT'S WHAT THE SIGN SAID. ADDIOS.

SO, YOU GONNA SIT ON THE FLOOR LIKE THAT?

IF YOU DON'T MIND, MY DOGS ARE KILLIN' ME.

KA-CHINK

UH-SORRY. LOST MY TRAIN OF THOUGHT THERE. TELL ME IT ALL FROM THE TOP.

W-WELL... I FINISHED WORK AND I WAS WALKING MY NORMAL ROUTE HOME...
WHEN I DIDN'T GET A RIDE FROM, SAL.

WHO'S SAL?

A MAN.

SO THEN I-- HEY. SHOULDN'T YOU BE WRITING THIS DOWN?

OH. UH... EXCUSE ME.

AH--HA-- GO AHEAD.

T-THEN IT HAPPENED.
GO ON.
THEY GRABBED ME AND HIT ME AND THEY-
NO SARAH, NOT THEM, HIM.
NO. NO, I'M NOT GOING THROUGH THAT AGAIN. NO.
C'MON SARAH, PLEASE, ONE MORE TIME. C'MON, DO IT FOR ME.
B-B-B-BLACK AND WHITE. HE WAS BLACK AND WHITE.
HIS FACE, IT WAS LIKE A SKULL, BUT IT WASN'T. IT-IT WAS TERROR.
T-TERROR ON HIS FACE. HIS TOUCH WAS COLD, SO COLD.
WHAT DID HE SAY TO YOU?
I-I CAN'T. I WON'T REMEMBER.
SARAH, I'M GOING TO ASK YOU IF YOU HEARD HIM SAY A WORD.
NO! DON'T SAY A WORD. PLEASE.
INITIUM.
NO.

ROAAAAARHH!!!
HOLY--
BUTCHER!!! BUTCHERBASTARDS!!! BUTCHER!!!

GET HER OFF HIM! HOLD HER!
NURSE!
BASTARDS!!
AUUGG!! MY FUCKING ARM!!
HURRY UP AND SEDATE HER ALREADY!
HOLY SHIT! WHAT THE HELL DID YOU SAY TO HER?!!
NOTHIN'...

THERE IS A KILLER OUT THERE.
EATING HIS YOUNG...
SALIVATING OVER HIS LAST KILL.
A PROUD BEAST, NOSTRILS STEAMING, JAWS GAPING.
I WAIT, FOR ONE DROP OF BLOOD TO TRICKLE FROM HIS FANG...
THEN I SHALL BRING HIM TO MANTLE.
THAT'S HIM!

THAT'S THE FUCKER THAT BROKE MIKES ARM!!
HEY YOU, ON THE FENCE. GET DOWN HERE SO I CAN CARVE YOU A NEW FUCKIN' HOLE!
HA HEHH HEH.
C'MON, BABY. C'MON..
JUST CUT THAT SHIT OUT AND CUT HIM ALREADY!
SHUT THE FUCK UP!

SUPLUTCHH!!!
AUGHH!!!

ZIGGED WHEN HE SHOULDA' ZAGGED.
MARY CHRIST.!!

BEEP!
DIDN'T TAKE A WHOLE LOT, DID IT? A LITTLE BIT O' LEAD IN THE RIGHT SPOT.
MAYBE YOU CAN HELP ME OUT SHAW. I GOT FOUR DEAD GANG MEMBERS, ONE CROOKED COP IN A COMA, A PSYCHOPATH DRESSED UP FOR HALLOWEEN, CHILD KILLER, A SLUT EX-WIFE AND TWO KIDS WHO WOULDN'T RESPECT ME IF I WERE CHRIST. WHAT DO YOU THINK?

BEEP!
REALLY?
I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO BELIEVE IN ANYMORE, SHAW.
DEFINITELY NOT MYSELF.
WELL, THIS WAS DEFINITELY ONE OF OUR MORE INTERESTING CONVERSATIONS. NOT AS GOOD AS MY MUTT THOUGH, HE DROOLS ALOT LESS.
SEE YOU LATER, AND FOR CHRIST SAKE TRY TO SHIT IN THE TOILET NEXT TIME.

KA-CHINK!!
CHILDREN'S WARD
WHO'S THE GREATEST HERO OF THEM ALL?!!
CAPTAIN VALOR!!!
CRASH COMICS
...NOT EVEN A SUPER HERO.

...ich...

...gich...

...ach...

WHATTSAMATTA FUCKER...

YOU DON'T LIKE GIRLS?!

YOU A BIG FAGGOT?!

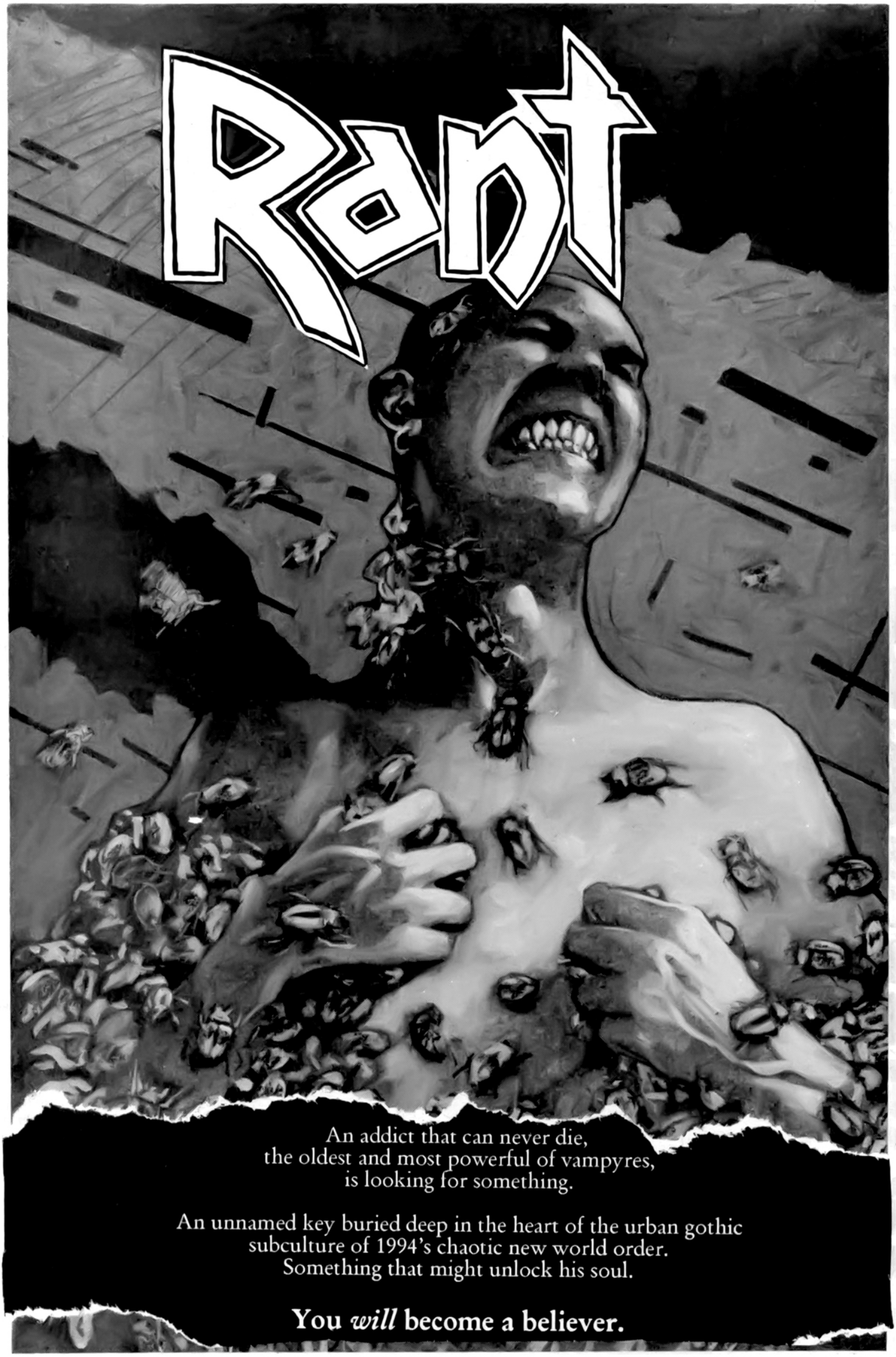
UNG!

TAKE THIS, YOU GOT A LOT TO LEARN ABOUT BEING A HERO. SHEESH! YOU DON'T EVEN GOT A CAPE!
HEY! I WANT THAT BACK WHEN YOU'RE FINISHED WITH IT.
SEE YA!
MY DROP OF BLOOD.
To Be Continued.

Encore

Gonna break into your house
make my way upstairs
shatter all the family portraits
with the on off switch smiles
pull you out of your bed
Nail your fingers to the endtable
for a Partridge family marathon
whisper the language of atrocity to myself
while I throw popcorn at your eyes
laugh at the commercials.
Does that sound like fun?
Get you wet?
Breathing heavy
as I dip my prick in your blood
paint Haiku on the living room wall
fuck your father with
a bottle of black death vodka
make your mother drink
her own enema water
eyelids stapled to cheek and forehead.
A performance
planned from the stage,
watching you
waiting 'til
the show is over,
when I run out of words
no longer content to merely entertain
hungry for something pulpy,
something ziploc fresh
a Sunday school straggler
too eager to reach for that extra packet of Equal.
The lights are comin' down real soon motherfucker
gonna be steppin' out from behind this mike
wading through the tables
radiating Opie Cunningham charm by candlelight.
You'll never feel the blade
'til after you're cut
and part of my encore.

9/94
Hart D. Fisher
photo by Rob Robbins


Rant
An addict that can never die,
the oldest and most powerful of vampyres,
is looking for something.
An unnamed key buried deep in the heart of the urban gothic
subculture of 1994's chaotic new world order.
Something that might unlock his soul.
You *will* become a believer.

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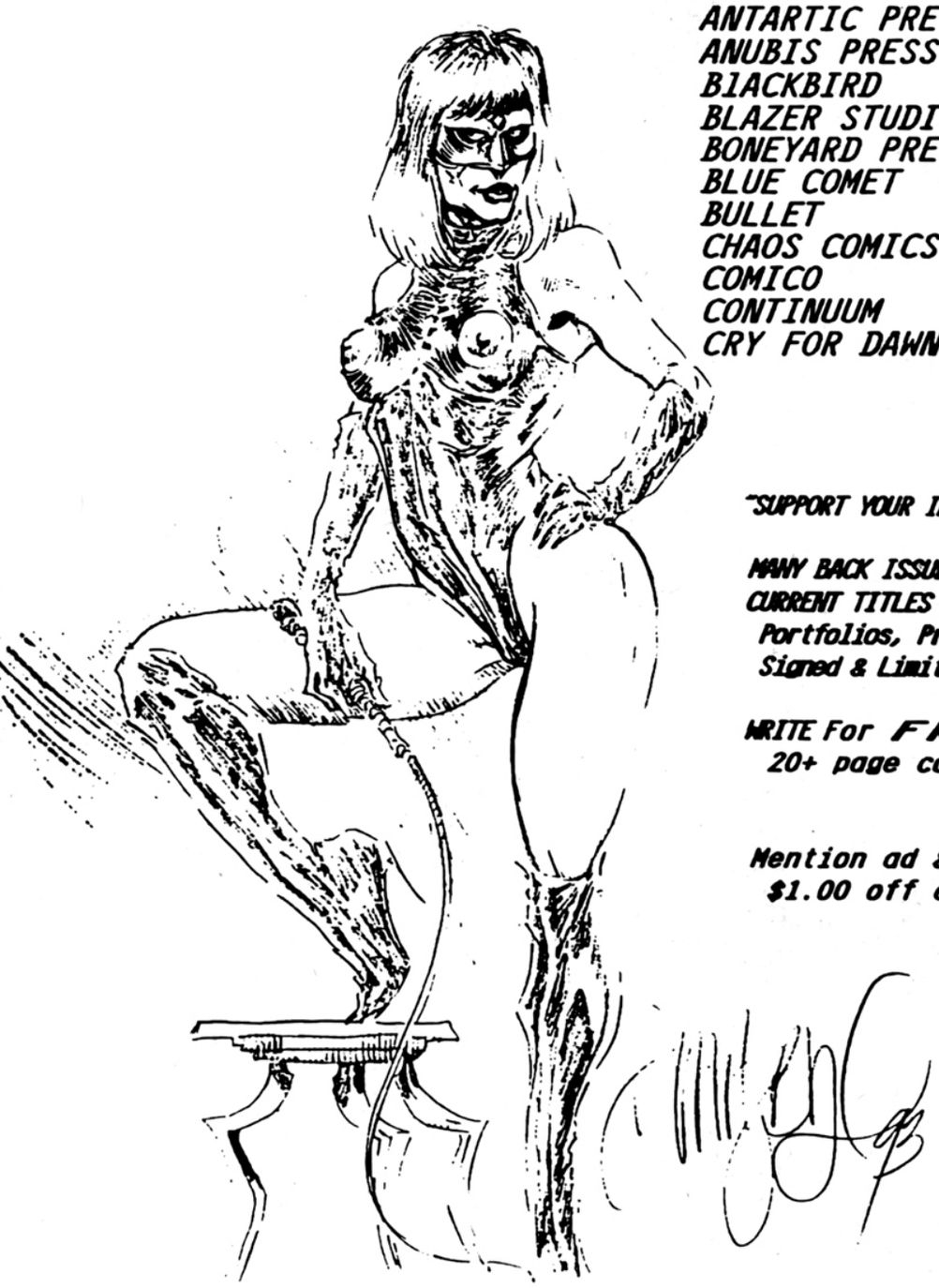

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CLAIR from "FAUST" by Tim VIGIL

Bill the Bull: Burnt Cain

Bill Parchem is 300 lbs of horned fury, a halfman/half bull freak with a taste for the rough stuff. He and his partner, Nicholas Stone, are thugs for hire in Chicago's criminal underground. What starts out as a simple missing person's search turns into a nasty bloodbath that takes you from Chicago's gold coast to it's darkest ghetto nightmares.

By Hart D. Fisher and Duncan Rouleau.

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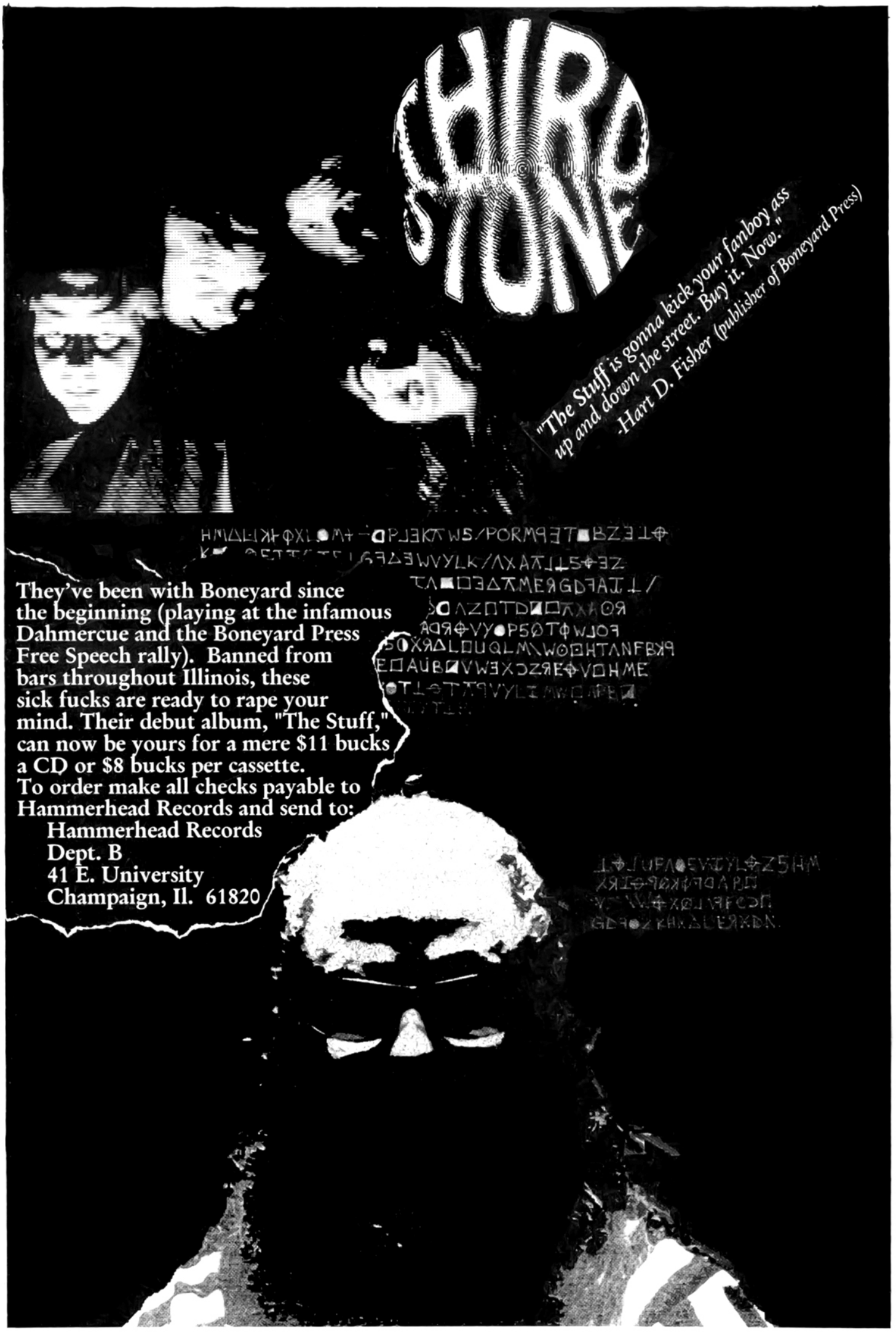
"One of the best books I've read in years."
-Larry Stanley
Pacific comics update


CHIRO STONE
"The Stuff is gonna kick your fanboy ass up and down the street. Buy it. Now."
-Hart D. Fisher (publisher of Boneyard Press)
They've been with Boneyard since the beginning (playing at the infamous Dahmercue and the Boneyard Press Free Speech rally). Banned from bars throughout Illinois, these sick fucks are ready to rape your mind. Their debut album, "The Stuff," can now be yours for a mere $11 bucks a CD or $8 bucks per cassette.
To order make all checks payable to Hammerhead Records and send to:
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The Morgue

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Dark Angel:

In 1991 Boneyard Press clawed it's way into comic stores with it's flagship title Dark Angel, the chronicles of a serial killer in search of his soul. Johnathan Gabriel seemed like the typical boy next door until he killed his neighbors and friends in a dark frenzy only to disappear. It's Boneyard Press's longest running book, appearing for three issues under it's own title and then in a spurt of mini-series (Devil's Bite, and The God That Failed). Written and drawn by controversial writer Hart D. Fisher, it's a kick in the face exploring territory only dreamed of by Faust. A new Dark Angel title will be in stores in time for his 2 year anniversery in May, 1993, in the mean time, find out what you've been missing.

"...Ruthless Stuff..."
-Tim Vigil

"There are some nice little gruesome moments."
-Kelley Jones

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